Being but heauie I will beare the light.
*Mercu.* Nay gẽtle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
*Ro.* Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
*Mer.* You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
*Rom.* I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To sore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I sincke.
*Horatio.* And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
*Rom.* Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.
*Mer.* If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
*Benn.* Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
*Ro.* A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.
*Mer.* Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables own word:
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
*Ro.* Nay thats not so.
*Mer.* I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our iudgement sits,

Fiue



Fiue times in that, ere once in our
*Ro.* And we meane well in go
But tis no wit to go.
*Mer.* Why, may one aske?
*Rom.* I dreampt a dreame to nig
*Mer.* And so did I.
*Ro.* Well what was yours?
*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.
*Ro.* In bed asleep while they do
*Mer.* O then I see Queene M
She is the Fairies mid wife, and she
an Agot stone, on the forefinger
a teeme of little ottame-ouer me
waggõ spokes made of lõg spinne
of Grathoppers, her traces of the
of the moonshines watry beams,
lash of Philome, her waggoner,
half so big as a round little worme,
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie
squirrel or old Grub, time out am
and in this state she gallops night b
and then they dreame of loue. On
on Curſies strait ore Lawyers fin
ore Ladies lips who strait one kis
Mab with blisters plagues, be
meates tainted are. Sometime sh
and then dreames he of smelling
she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a
then he dreams of an other Bene
a souldiers neck, and then dreame
of breaches, ambuscados, spanish
deepe, and then anon drums in
wakes, and being thus frighted,
againe: this is that very Mab that
might: and bakes the Elklocks
once vntangled, much misfortun